

# Bored Stiff

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THIS  
ISSUE:-  
ACNE REBBLE  
IGGY POP  
ADVERTS  
FAB POODLES  
THE BIG G  
SPEED  
JONATHAN  
RICHMAN

№ 2

30p

TILL '77

BLITZKRIEG BOP  
999 & DON LETTS'  
PUNK FILM



# **BORED STIFF**

So we've finally made it to the 2nd issue & the wait's been worthwhile. Much of the delay was caused by me being away for a month (in the south of France of course), but the massive funds are now dissipated so here we are again. I was really in London for a couple of weeks, so this ish is broadened in scope, with music and film from the big shitty.

As winter approaches the gigs increase & theres a lot of good bands been caught in action, with the promise of excellent stuff to come. Some local bands seem to be gaining some degree of recognition at last: Speed, Big G, & Blitzkrieg Bop (all captured live this month) following the path blazed by Penetration. The ridiculous restrictions against New Wave bands seem a thing of the past, thank god-

watch out for gigs at the poly & University now they're open again.

Mark Taylor will be taking over the controls after this ish as I'm moving to London (temporarily or permanently I don't know) so communicate against boredom to this address: 208, Sandyford Rd, Newcastle

-9

This issue written by:  
 Terry: diminished responsibility,  
 Mark Taylor: writer, photos,  
 Tony S.: writer, photos,  
 Terry D.: writer,  
 Kevin: artwork, photos.

With help also from: Marita, Listen Ear, Tyneside Free Press, & Swan House. Special thanks to Ushi Kniepper for the 999 photos & my sister for putting me up in London.

T.C.

It turns out we've got this half-page to fill up, with nobody we know wanting ads, so here goes. The next issue of this maga-zine will have a different name, though we haven't thought of one yet.

Here's some gossip, some of which some of you are bound to have heard already:- Johnny (singer) has left Speed:- both are carrying on with replacements; Provisional booking of the Guildhall by glitterbest? Big G and Speed (or what's left of them) to record singles for Listen Ear record label; At least 150 copies of Pistols bootleg in Newcastle (its great: review next issue); Penetration single ("Money Talks") out on Virgin in November.

IN THE NEXT MAGAZINE:- Clash live review and Joe Strummer interview; Stranglers live review and Jean Burrell interview; Johnny Thunders live review; Tom Robinson Band live review; Pistols official and bootleg L.P. reviews; Heartbreakers L.P. review



## Fascism begins like this...



In setting up coloured immigrants as a target for its hate campaign, the National Front is following the pattern of Nazi Germany, which made Jews the scapegoats for all of that country's troubles.

## ... and ends like this





# IGGY: hypnotisin' chickens

ANY CITY THAT PRODUCES 3 QUINTESSENTIAL HEAVY METAL GROUPS AT THE HEIGHT OF PSYCHEDELIA MUST HAVE SOMETHING GOING FOR IT. MOTOR CITY MADHOUSE, DETROIT U.S.A., SPAWNED TED NUGENT AND THE AMERICAN DUKES (COPY DOOKES), THE LEGENDARY MCS, AND IGGY AND THE STOOGES. NOW IN '77, ON THE STRENGTH OF HIS INFLUENCE ON PUNK, AND HIS WORK WITH BOWIE, IGGY WITS THESE SHORES DETERMINED TO BREAK BRITAIN'S BACK.

'1970' (FEEL ALRIGHT), 'I WANNA BE YOUR DOG' AND 'NO FUN' FROM THE FIRST TWO STOOGES ALBUMS HAVE BEEN REMAINED BY NUMEROUS PUNKS, FROM THE PISTOLS + DAMNED DOWNWARDS (STRANGE THAT NEW WAVE BANDS ONLY DO NUMBERS FROM THE '69 + '70 ALBUMS) THOUGH VERY ORIGINAL FOR THAT PERIOD AND FEATURING THE IGGY TRADEMARKS IN EMBRYONIC FORM, ONLY SIDE I OF FUNHOUSE APPROACHED THE LIVE IGGY EXPERIENCE. BUT.....

THE 3rd ALBUM 'RAW POWER' HIT THE JACKPOT: ONE OF THE DEFINITE '70s ALBUMS FEATURING IGGY TEAMED UP WITH GUITARIST JAMES WILLIAMSON, THE PRODUCTION AND MIX IS ALL OVER THE PLACE BUT WHO GIVES A F--- IT JUST MAKES YOU PLAY IT LOUDER! 'SEARCH AND DESTROY' IS MAGNIFICENT AND THAT'S JUST WHAT IT DOES TO YOUR HEAD. WILLIAMSON'S MULTI-TRACKED GUITAR RHYTHM BURS — THE COMBINATION OF A CLASSIC H.M. RIFF PLAYED WITH GUTS, IMAGINATION AND ENERGY AND IGGY'S URBAN MENACE IS DYNAMITE. ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING STUDIO ALBUMS I CAN THINK OF. CO-WRITER WILLIAMSON DESERVES EQUAL CREDIT WITH IGGY FOR THIS GEM. THE KEEF-LIKE RHYTHM OF 'YOUR PRETTY FACE IS GOING TO HELL' HAS A LOT MORE SPEED AND ENERGY THAN THE STONES CURRENTLY USE (MORE ADRENALINE, LESS JET-SET COCAINE). 'PENETRATION' FEATURES ONE SHIFTING RIFF THROUGHOUT — THIS ISN'T A FAILING OF THE SONG — IGGY SPECIALIZES IN THIS MONOTONOUS/REPETITIVE/OBSSIVE QUALITY (OTHER GOOD EXAMPLES ARE 'DIRT' ON FUNHOUSE + 'DUM DUM BOYS' ON THE IDIOT). NO-ONE BUT NO-ONE CAN GIVE SLOW SONGS SUCH TENSION AND MENACE. THE STRENGTH COMES FROM IGGY'S


UNRELENTING ATTACK — "I FEEL A CHANGE IN EVERY NIGHT TIME — PULSATE — PULSATE — I PURIFY — I PURIFY — EVERY NIGHT TIME". THE APTLY TITLED "RAW POWER" IS A REAL POWERHOUSE TOUR-DE-FORCE, WITH WILLIAMSON'S JERKY RIFF AND MANIC LEAD WORK ALL OVER THE PLACE. THE SINGLE NOTE PIANO EMPHASIZING THE MAIN RIFF IS A GREAT IDEA AND THE GUITAR WORK GETS REALLY CHAOTIC NEAR THE END. SUPERB ALBUM.

HOWEVER, SOON AFTER THIS ALBUM THE STOOGES BROKE UP — UNRECOGNIZED EXCEPT BY A SMALL CULT MINORITY. THE SEMI-BOOTLEG METALLIC K.O. (DELETED BUT SOON TO BE RE-RELEASED) RECORDED THEIR DENISE. SIDE TWO FEATURES PART OF THE LAST STOOGES SHOW AT MICHIGAN PALACE, DETROIT. IT'S A SO CHRONICLE TOO — BOTTLES, LIGHTBULBS AND EGGS SMASH AROUND THE GROUP AS THE AUDIENCE (3) SHOW EITHER APATHY OR AGGRESSION TO THE BAND. BEFORE THE CONCERT IGGY HAD BEEN BEATEN UP BY SOME BRAINLESS BIKER HEAVY BEFORE THE CONCERT, AND DESPITE SOME EXCELLENT MUSIC THE HEAVINESS COMES THROUGH ON RECORD.

AFTER THE STOOGES SPLIT, IGGY WAS LEFT DIRECTIONLESS AND 'A SLOBBERING QUAAALUDE IDIOT', SO HE VOLUNTARILY COMMITTED HIMSELF TO A MENTAL HOME WHERE HIS ONLY VISITOR WAS DAVID BOWIE. WHEN IGGY HAD STRAIGHTENED OUT, HE AND BOWIE WROTE 'SISTER MIDNIGHT'. 'CALLING SISTER MIDNIGHT / I'M BREAKING INSIDE / CALLING SISTER MIDNIGHT / YOU KNOW I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT / MOTHER WAS IN MY BED AND I MADE LOVE TO HER / FATHER HE GUNNED FOR ME / HUNTED ME WITH HIS SIX GUNS / CALLING SISTER MIDNIGHT, WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT MY DREAMS!!'

EVENTUALLY THEY HAD ENOUGH MATERIAL FOR AN ALBUM — "THE IDIOT". INEVITABLY DUE TO IGGY'S SPIRITUAL LOW OF THAT TIME AND ALSO BOWIE'S INTEREST IN THE 1984 T.O.T.P. FLOOR SHOW THE ALBUM IS REMORSELESS, MECHANISTIC, DOOMY + HEAVY. NO EASY LISTENING HERE. THE GENERAL PACE IS MID-TEMPO TO SLOW. "DUM DUM BOYS" + "CHINA GIRL" ARE SUPERB

BUT THE BOWIE 'LOW' INFLUENCES SEEM TO DOMINATE. STRANGE ALBUM.

WHICH BRINGS US TO THE LATEST WHINING 'LOST FOR LIFE,' AND YES ITS GOOD. IN FACT ICY'S BEST SINCE RAW POWER. ITS VERY POPPY IN PLACES — THE TITLE TRACK IS CATCHY, MELODIC AND DANCEABLE. "I BEEN HUNTING SINCE I BOUGHT THE GIMMICK ABOUT A THING CALLED LOVE. YEAH SOMETHING CALLED LOVE THATS LIKE HYPNOTISING CHICKENS. I'M THROUGH WITH SLEEPING ON THE SIDEWALK — NO MORE BEATING MY BRAINS WITH LIQUOR AND DRUGS." 'SIXTEEN', A STAGE FAVOURITE, FOLLOWS — MUSIC AND LYRICS BY MR. POP. THEN 'SOME WIERD SHIT', ONE OF THE BEST BOWIE/POP COLLABORATIONS YET: GREAT TONE AND ARRANGEMENT WITH BOWIE'S VOICE COMING IN TO EMPHASIS THE VOCAL LINE. NEAT. THEN 'THE PASSENGER' CO-WRITTEN WITH RICKY GARDINER — VERY POPPY, VERY CATCHY. 'TONIGHT'  STARTS LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE ZIGGY STARDUST ERA. 'SUCCESS' ON SIDE 2 IS THE SINGLE AND ALSO ONE OF THE BEST ON THE ALBUM. "HERE COMES MY FACE/OUT OF THE CROWD/SWEETHEART I'M TELLING YOU/ HERE COMES THE ZOO". AGAIN A VERY CATCHY VOCAL REFRAIN. IN THE FADE-OUT EVERYTHING THAT ICY SINGS IS REPEATED BY



THE BAND, EVEN 'OH SHIT'. NICE. THE REMAINDER OF THE ALBUM IS GOOD THOUGH NOT AS IMMEDIATE AND ACCESSIBLE AS Si.

ICY POP CONTINUED

ICY POP

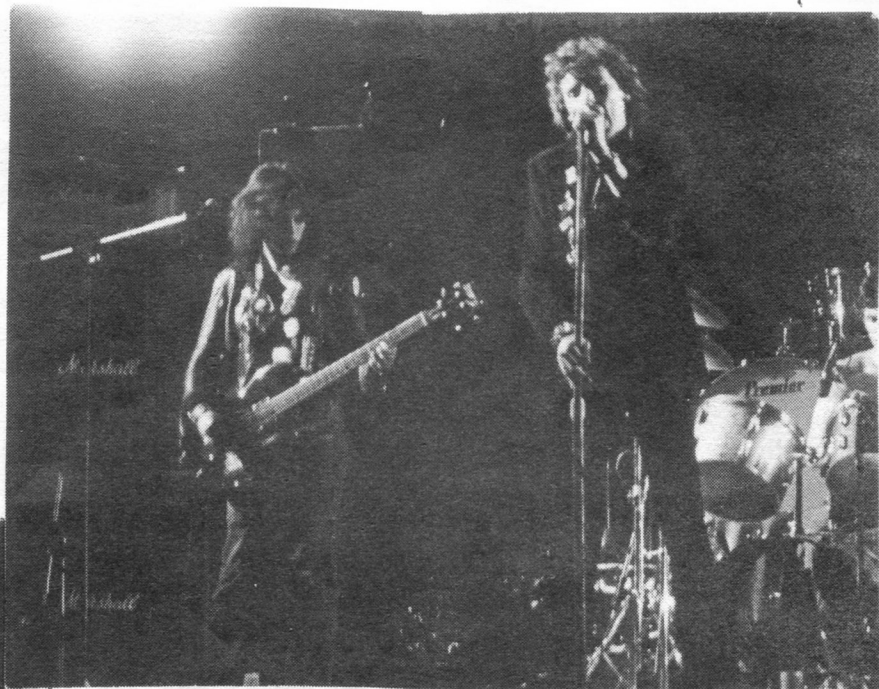
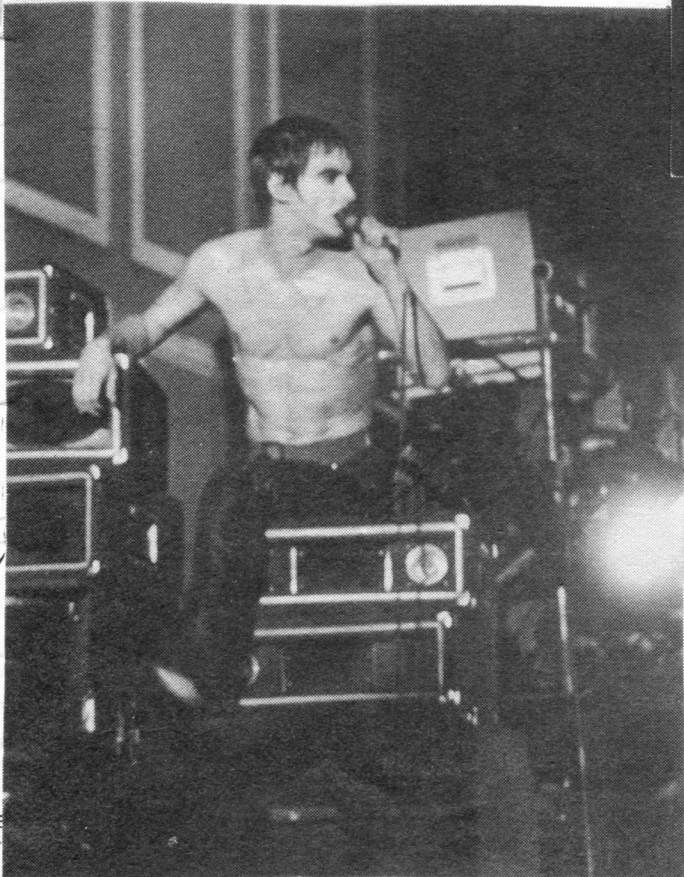
SIDE ONE. ALL IN ALL AN INTENSE, DYNAMIC AND FUN ALBUM. ONE OF 77'S BEST. NOW THE BIG QUESTION IS WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE LIVE?

THE CONCERT: THE ADVERTS DID A PRETTY GOOD JOB AS SUPPORT BAND. THIS WAS THEIR FIRST MAJOR TOUR AND THEIR LACK OF EXPERTISE IN PLAYING BIG HALLS SHOWED. ALTHOUGH THEIR PLAYING ISN'T TECHNICALLY GREAT (GAYE (DROOL) ADVERT'S BASS IS A BIT RUDIMENTARY) THEY DO HAVE SOME GOOD IDEAS, A GOOD SINGER AND PLENTY OF ENTHUSIASM. BEST NUMBERS WERE THE LAST 3 — 'WE DON'T GIVE A SHIT', 'GARY GILMORES EYES' (OF COURSE) AND THE ENCORE 'BORED TEENAGERS', WHICH HAD QUITE A FEW PEOPLE POGGING MADLY AT THE BACK OF THE HALL THEY CAN ONLY IMPROVE.

AFTER A HALF HOUR WAIT HOPING THAT THE BAND WOULD BE BETTER THAN LAST TIME, THE LIGHTS DIM. STANDING OVATION AND A HUGE ROAR AS THEY SHOOT INTO 'ITS ALL RIGHT'. GREAT, THEN 'LOST FOR LIFE', EVEN BETTER. THERE'S NO WAY THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A BRILLIANT CONCERT. ICY, AS EVER, IS IN GREAT FORM — SOMETIMES LOOKING SPASTIC, OR LIKE A SMASHED DOLL OR A SAD CLOWN BUT ALWAYS RIVETING ATTENTION. ONLY THE 3RD NUMBER AND PEOPLE ARE POGGING IN THEIR SEATS. EVERYONE IS ON THEIR FEET WHERE THEY REMAIN FOR THE ENTIRE CONCERT. A SUPERB LONG MEATY VERSION OF 'THE PASSENGER' FOLLOWS, AND THE CROWD 'LA LA' ALONG TO THE CHORUS WITH NO ENCOURAGEMENT AT ALL. ICY CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THE REACTION — POINTING IT OUT TO KEYBOARDSMAN, 2ND GUITARIST AND EX-STOGE SCOTT THURSTON + SHOUTING "We've worked all our lives for a weekend like this." THEN DURING 'I GOT A RIGHT' ICY CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE P.A. STACK (SEE PICS) AND EVERYONE GOES BESERK, GETTING CAUGHT UP IN THE ENERGY AND MADNESS. THE BAND THIS TIME ROUND ARE GREAT AND THE SHOW BRINGS TOGETHER THE BEST ELEMENTS OF THE NEW ALBUM (POPINESS, MELODY) WITH THE HEAVY METAL RIFFS AND ENERGY OF RAW POWER.



NUMBERS CAME + WENT - 'NIGHTCLUBBING' WITH IG IS A GERMAN WWII HELMET CLUTCHING A GIRL HE HAD PULLED FROM THE AUDIENCE - 'SEARCH AND DESTROY', 'YOUR PRETH FACE IS GOING TO HELL', 'SIXTEEN', 'SUCCESS' AND 'I WANNA BE YOUR DOG' IN THE ENCORE. SIGNIFICANTLY 'NIGHTCLUBBING' WAS THE ONLY NUMBER OFF 'THE IDIOT' THAT WAS PLAYED. FOR AN ATMOSPHERE, EXCITEMENT AND ENERGY I'VE NEVER SEEN THE CITY HALL LIKE THIS. IGGY'S ENERGY SEEMED ENDLESS AND IN CONCERT.



THE ADVERTS ↑

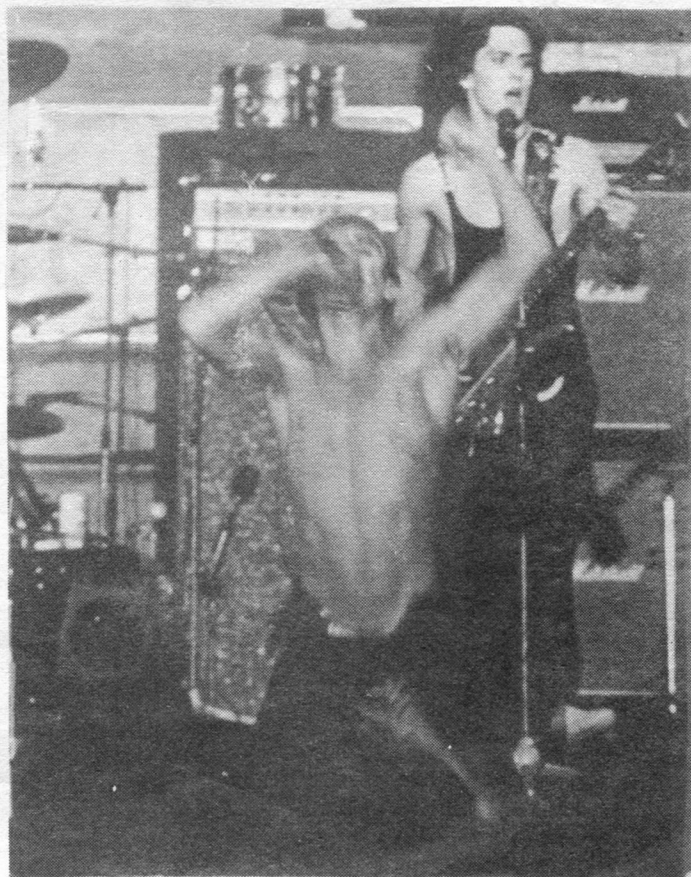
FINALLY, THE SONG 'I GOT A RIGHT', AN OUTTAKE OF THE RAW POWER SESSIONS IS AVAILABLE ON IMPORT ON THE SIAMOSE LABEL (AVAILABLE IN LISTEN EAR). IT IS TRULY EXCELLENT, SO WHETHER YOU WERE AT THE CONCERT OR NOT, BUY IT + PLAY IT UNTIL TRASHED + THEN BUY ANOTHER COPY. JAMES WILLIAMSON EVEN OUTSHINES IGGY! BELIEVE IT.

P.P.S. THERES AN L.P. OF UNRELEASED STODGES material DUE OUT SOON, RELEASED BY THE FRENCH IGGY FAN CLUBS. WATCH OUT!

↖ THE IG ↗

IT'S LIKE BEING DRAGGED INTO A WHIRLPOOL AND WHEN THIS HAPPENS TO 2,500 PEOPLE...!! THE ATMOSPHERE WAS LIKE A SMALL CLUB. AFTER THE ENCORE, PEOPLE LEFT RATHER PASSIVELY INSTEAD OF DEMANDING MORE. SOME DIEHARD IGGY FAN SHOUTED 'NEWCASTLE, YOU'RE SHIT' - BUT REALLY EVERYONE WAS SO PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY DRAINED, DEAFENED, SWEATY AND STUNNED. THEY JUST COULDN'T TACKLE THE ONSTAGE ENERGY. A TRULY AMAZING CONCERT.

TOWN







IGGY POP AT NEWCASTLE  
CITY HALL 26<sup>th</sup> SEPT 77  
ALL PHOTOS BY TONY SMYTH





Blitzkrieg Bop have only been playing together for a few months and being of highly ingenious disposition have already recorded their first single at Impulse Studios in Newcastle. They told me they are hoping to go down to London to record a follow up single this October, which will include "Dole Waller". After a very amicable chat someone announces they are onstage in five minutes and so I leave them with my many thanks.

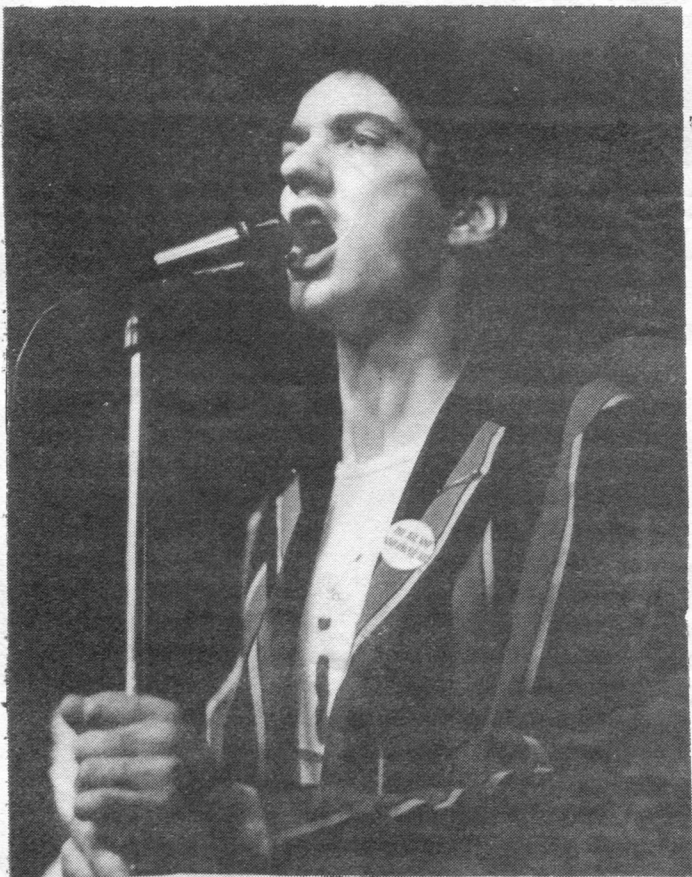
Onstage we see Mick Sick on bass, Gloria on guitar, ---- on drums, and Blank Frank on keyboards and lead vocals. The band stumble into action with a shaky version of "Hahgjing Around"; but they then propelled themselves into "One Chord Wonders" with admirable aplomb. "It's like a fucking library in here" announces B. Frank. He is right but it's too cold even for a library. They then played Gloria and things began to warm up as this was followed by their own "9 till 5", "Dole Waller" and "Let's Go". Throughout the

GLORIA →



# BLITZKRIEG BOP

← BLANK FRANK



gig Blank rushes neurotically from organ to mike and back again. The drums provide adequate support but I felt there was a definite lack of power in midfield where the absence of Telly Set's whining guitar, as witnessed on their single, was evident. My only other gripe about the band was a more complementary one, and that is that their own material is better than their cover versions, so it would be nice to hear more of their own stuff.

To return to the action though the band never really sizzle, but do warm up, the Ramones' "Sheena" being followed by Right To Work and Pretty Vacant. White Riot serves as an encore, and our four heroes leave the stage to well earned applause and I feel well pleased with the evening. What more can one want?

WORDS — TERRY ↗

↖ PHOTOS — KEVIN





# SEX PISTOLS AT MIDDLESBOROUGH ROCK GARDEN

THIS PIECE IS A COMBINED EFFORT,  
TERRY DID THE HANDWRITTEN  
BITS, I (MARK) THE TYPED

At 3 o'clock Mark came to see me and told me there were no tickets for the rumoured Sex Pistols concert in Middlesborough. Cursing and swearing we jump in the car and hurtle down to Middlesborough.

On arrival at the Rock Garden we see a van draw up and who should leap out the back but the dreaded Sex Pistols. We are two feet away as Rotten leaps (or rather falls) from the van uttering oaths at Mark who tries to pass the time of day — he looks pissed and fit for bed (what kind of form is he going to be in tonight I wonder). Behind him steps the burly figure of Steve Jones and I ask him if there's any chance of getting us in. He doesn't believe we've come all the way from Newcastle (probably thinking it's over the border) but agrees and the nice gentleman fits us up with the requisite bits of blue paper bearing the legend "Acne Rebble".

When we get inside the Rock Garden it is already quite full and the atmosphere is incredible. Most of the audience seem to be wearing leather. The place is (400 capacity) and this means that everyone is within about 25 yds of the stage.

As the evening goes on the records become increasingly annoying. EVERYONE wants the band on! At about 10 o'clock the DJ starts telling everybody to move away from the stage. No chance! But he keeps on for 15 minutes anyway. Then the amps are switched on and the pin-points of light tell everyone that there's only minutes left!

Paul Cook and Steve Jones first, then Sid Vicious, then Johnny Rotten. They're all wearing leather from head to foot which seems like a tribute to the audience and they look absolutely amazing. Have you noticed how most bands need their clothes to give them their identity (eg the Clash, and the Damned right over to locals Penetration)? The Pistols just project, no matter what they're wearing. If you don't agree, look at as many pictures of the Pistols as you can and compare them to pictures of other bands.

"Are you ready for the first number?" sneers Johnny Rotten and straight away they're into "Anarchy". There's pandemonium and everybody's singing along. "Next number," sneers Rotten again, and it's the B-side "I Wanna Be Me".

"I presume you like us" says Johnny Rotten with a smile. "Seventeen (Lazy Sod)" next. It's pointless describing songs that most of you ~~may~~ have never heard. But take it from me their album's going to be a killer: every song is brilliant.

Rotten looks happy, his red hair in shock contrast to his corpse-white face, but his eyes are twinkling and his mouth smiles and this is going to be one hell of a gig if I don't pass out in the heat. Rotten looks as though he's glad to be on stage as the audience is one heaving, raging, sweating amoeba spreading round the stage. Steve Jones is just shooting out those chords like he is ejecting torpedoes and Sid Vicious' naked torso bent backwards like an archer's taut bow, bass low strung, face tense with energy and concentration — his eyes hardly leave the fret board as he thunders along with Jones.

then come the new ones: "Holidays In The Sun", "EMI", and another I don't know the title of.

They're as tight as a duck's arse and Rottens moving around like a wooden string puppet gone wrong with his arms swinging round in circles and body swaying.

Then "Problems" and "No Feelings". If these songs weren't being heard for the first time, everyone would have been singing along as they did to both "Pretty Vacant" and "God Save the Queen" (the last number). more

"If you want some, ask for it" says Rotten as the rest of the band leave the stage, but we don't need to be told John! Back they come for an encore of "No Fun", though unfortunately without that spoken introduction.

It's been so hot and everyone's danced so much that even though the bar and disco don't finish till 1.00am (it's now 11.00pm) half the crowd leave. It was as good a night out as the Stranglers at the City Hall\* (Newcastle, both times).

I can still hardly believe that it has really happened.

\* Ten times as good as (i.e.)

It was with a cautious air that I approached the Hammersmith Odeon that dark & dingy Saturday (17th Sept) as I knew little of what to expect from the idiot savant of rock n' roll Jonathan Richman, & judging from the rest of the audience I was not the only one: there was a great cross section of persons there. All I knew of Richman was that he was a fanatical Velvets fan, had released Roadrunner, was of cult status in the States but to contradict all this, had released the acoustic album "Rock n' Roll with the Modern Lovers" his first album actually released over here & very strange it is too!

Richman walks on stage, sporting a new haircut, shirt tied up round his waist & dark bappy trousers, with the Modern Lovers who were on the aforementioned album. A short explanation regarding the plight of his hair count in to Roadrunner. Richman he nervously looks round at the verses - his voice is shaky & as there is enthusiastic if slightly



precedes the famous 1'2'3'4'5'6 looks nervous anything but calm, as other members of the band in between the extended version pulls to a close hesitant applause.

into ... "Love is a flower beginning to at the front of the stage with all child. There is laughter from the

A brief pause & the band move bloom..." with Richman standing the shy corners of an innocent audience & heckling. Three or more "punks" wander to the front & stand in mock admiration. There is a feeling of incredulousness in the audience - I don't know whether to admire this guy or pity him. The number ends & everyone applauds wildly. I am beginning to understand the "idiot" tag but "savant" who knows? I soon learn!

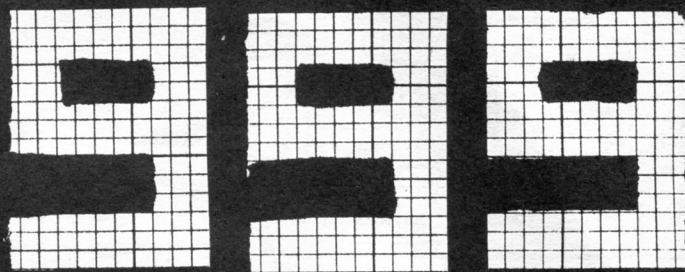
Rockin', Rockin' Leprachawn is followed by Ice Cream Man. The band (playing electrically) are sounding tighter & tighter, the volume at a minimum, together as maximum. J.R. appears more at ease, the slightly hurt expression disappears as the heckling subsides. At the end of Ice Cream Man (Ice Cream man on my street, I think your van is oh so neat... etc) the crowd go wild, he repeats the chorus & stops, the crowd go wild, he repeats the chorus etc... 7 times? I try to count but lose track

The whole scene is becoming crazy - the songs are all in the same genre of about having crushes on



the new girl at work but not having the courage to tell her; more fantasy ones: an abominable snowman scarp hell out of supermarket shoppers; visiting Martians setting up Cool-aid stands; & little Dinosaur which features the versatile Richman crawling around on the floor as a shy dinosaur who hides behind the drum kit until the audience coaxes him to re-appear by shouting for him. The nursery rhyme tunes are sung to a tight disco wap 50's backing with the occasional sax or guitar solo from the able J.R.

At the end of his 1½ hour set Richman walks off to rapturous applause, (the bloke sitting next to me murmurs he can't remember such a reception since the Waiters first concert there & we all remember that!) He returns to roars of encore & for a further half hour runs through the first half of the show in exactly the same order unheeding the cries for "Pablo Picasso". As he walked off for the last time Andy Dunkley says "I'm sure you will agree that this has been a very special evening. No kidding! Andy! It was. T.C."



Wed. 14th. Sept. Hope & Anchor.  
(London)

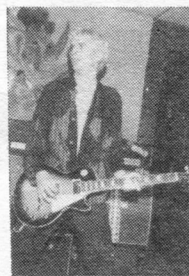
The bar upstairs was packed when we arrived & so we filed down immediately into the tiny basement that makes up the space. It soon fills up with ~~space~~ people & I can touch the ceiling with my head. As I move to the front to view the equipment the band walk on & immediately burst into action.



The uptillnow restrained audience also burst into action - n pogoing so wildly that I am forced into a hasty retreat as the heads and bodies fly unres-trainedly through the air, grabbing each other by the ~~ne~~ necks & leaping round with

such fervocity the contents of my horrible ale is scattered on the floor, & ~~six~~ on other people's backs, after only the first few seconds.

Numbers came and went fast and furious, the next one started before the last one - 's to the -cy" and and went a very goo haven't ever befor the power -h his opp -verance, telecaster swinging low from his shoulder. The rest of the band is Guy Days guitar, Jon Watson- bass, & Pablo Labitain -drums. All are competent musicians- espec ially Watson who looks like a Marvel comic hero & pumps out immensely powerful bass lines.



The band played -thy set & then came for a long encore. The -ce pogoed through it into the walls, hitting ceiling, falling into a on the floor, on the & all excess open space didn't exist. Yes, a very enthusiastic lot they are down there - the ideal audience for a band in fact - if your equipment manages to stay in one piece that is.



a long back audien all-the mass stage which

T.C.

THE FABULOUS POODLES  
THE BIG G  
THE SPEED  
THE GUILDHALL  
THE 10th OCT.

I wasn't expecting much from the Fabulous Poodles (you know what I mean, the smell of hype coming from their direction) and maybe that's why I enjoyed them so much. They really were very funny: not really a Rock band at all, more a comedy act for a Rock audience.

Many groups of this sort fail because they don't have the technical ability to ability, but the Poodles brought the whole thing off with amazing pastiches of the Hendrix, Blues, Reggae, and Merseybeat styles. Now you may say that technical ability is not what it's all about, but remember the Poodles are not a rock band, their creativity lies in their comedy.

I won't describe any of the humour because jokes are never the same when explained, are they?

It's a pity that the Poodles (such a STUPID name, but it fits perfectly) had to put up with an audience consisting of 30% unappreciative punks though not all the punks were unappreciative), but that was the fault of the promoter, whoever he was.

The Big G (formerly Harry Hack and...) have improved 500% since I last saw them at the Guildhall with the Adverts (terrible) and Penetration (great), when they seemed to have no good songs at all. But after some furious writing recently, they now have some good material ("Fuck the System", and "I Hate the Whole Human Race" are a ~~couple~~ couple, but the one I liked best they did first and last,

whatever that one was called,\*) and with some sharpening of their stage act and the discharge of irrelevant cargo like meaningless guitar solos, should become one of the best local bands.



Speed came on first to a reception that was almost as good as that of the ~~two~~ two bill-topping acts, and while they are still in their early stages yet, it is ~~not~~ not difficult to see why they have their cult following. There ~~are~~ are some performers that exude that extra special something that is not always a criteria of judging them (though it should be), call it what you will: "stage presence" will do. ~~The~~ The Sex Pistols have it, Penetration had it from very early on, (and still have it), and there is a glimmer of it in Speed's performances.

On the night they suffered the fate of too many support acts: 30 second-long token sound-check, and minimal volume through the PA when onstage, (I swear it doubled when the Big G came on,) so it would be all too easy to dismiss them on this hearing. But if you listen to the songs (the ideas) rather than the sound-quality, or musicianship, you get an idea of how good they really are (or any other band for that matter). Musicianship and sound-quality come two a penny at museums like the City Hall, but ideas (ie exhilarating rock music) all too rarely.

Speed not only have a bunch of memorable songs, but the ability too to perform them with that extra something that holds your attention 100% of the time.

There's no need to give them advice and wish them luck, they know exactly where they're going and how to get there. (You do don't you Johnny?)

MARK TAYLOR.

JOHNNY OF SPEED

SORRY NO NAMES

THE BIG G







THE BIG G SORRY NO NAMES

JOHNNY OF SPEED

## THE ORIGINAL PUNK FILM

AAT, 3RD SEPT. (I.C.A., London)

The "Original Punk film" was shot by Don Letts, D.J. at the Roxy Club, during January → April this year at the Roxy on an 8 m.m. camera he was given.

It documents through its primitive no bullshit approach the nativity of punk how it should be - no zoom lenses, special lighting, editing or polish - just raw nerve endings - the bands in action, off stage, flunks dancing, singing, mutilating themselves, did enjoy a quiet joint, too flashing himself anything & everything without discrimination as it was/is.

The music incl- the Pistols, the

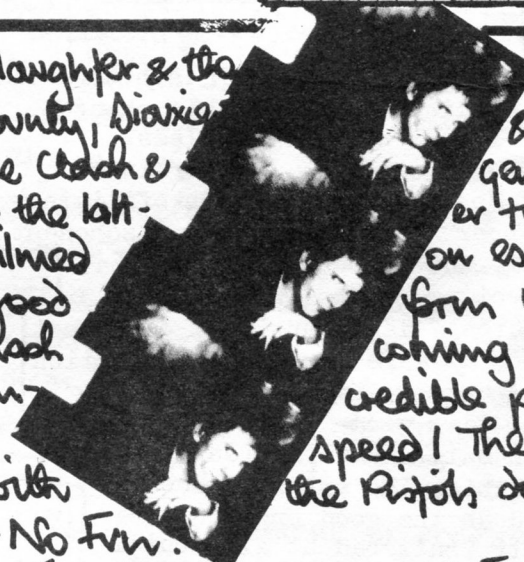


Slaughter & the County, Diarist, the Clash & ~ the last - filmed good Clash in

with & No Frn.

The film is a mere 45 mins long which was cut from over 3 hours! The camera jerks, cuts out, switches but some incredible moments have been captured & the atmosphere definitely has. As well as the hard reality of the film there is a lot of warmth & humour which I sometimes think is missing from N.W. music but it's here. See it!

T.C.



Dogs, Wayne & the Banshees, Generation X, er two are on especially from with the coming over with credible power & speed! The film ends the Pistols doing Anarchy

REMEMBER ... IT ALWAYS HAPPENS FIRST ON RECORDS.

5. THEY'LL GIVE YOU HOURS OF CONTINUOUS AND UNINTERRUPTED LISTENING PLEASURE. Just stack them up on your automatic changer and relax.

SEX PISTOLS: - HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN

Such a shame that they had to nick the riff from "In the City", but nevertheless, it's still one of the most powerful records to come out of the whole thing, mainly because of a powerful performance and production job, and the most chilling set of lyrics I've ever heard.

"I can't understand this bit at all,  
I wanna go over the wall."

Whether he wants to go over the wall to fight it (& what it represents) from both sides, or because he wants to escape from the Troubled West is debatable, (I think the former). Interesting, though, interesting.

STRANGLERS - NO MORE HEROES (L.P.)

It's only a slightly perceptible change but a significant one nevertheless.

"Norwegian Rat" was very sure of its direction: dealing with aspects of living on ~~you~~ or near the streets, the dishonesty, boredom, and the wierder ways that things affect us psychologically.

"No More Heroes" lacks any sort of direction, either as a whole or as a collection of songs. And there are only six good tracks with five that I have to skip, compared with only one duffer on the first LP. Not only this, the six good ones aren't as good as the good ones on their debut. This LP isn't bad at all, but I can see them slipping if they don't watch out; as far as most Strangers & fans are concerned, this'll probably be in the top two when this hits the streets.

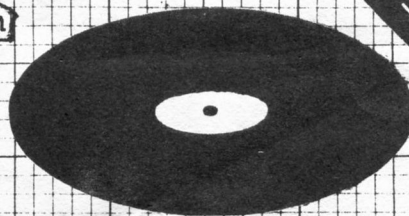
MARK TAYLOR.

THE JOLT - YOU'RE COLD/ALL I CAN DO (POLYDOR)

Same record label, producer, image, line up, ~~and~~ and similar name and sound to The Jam, but similarities apart, it's a fine single: both sides.

999 - I'M ALIVE

Nick Cash confirms what we all suspected: I'm alive. Hmmm they are too - definitely cup contenders.



RADIATORS FROM SPACE: - ENEMIES (CHISWICK)

Something of sixties sound to me, but wasted space I'm sad to say.

DAMNED - PROBLEM CHILD

Wot is happening ~~in~~ in the realms of hell? Not much. Their excursion to the USA seems to have removed their bite (probably all those chicks) + new quintet format destroyed urgency and production by nick (I was never in the Pink Floyd) Mason + ...stop!! Rat still rules skins, mind.

THE BOYS - I DON'T CARE (NEMS)

Well played punk'n'roll with good harmony vocals, especially on less lyrically clichéd B-side.

XTC - 3D EP

Featuring the excellent "Science Friction" on the "A" - side and "She's So Square" on the reverse, both of which are highly original. Altogether with Artee cover quite neat package and thoroughly recommended.

SPITFIRE BOYS - BRITISH REFUGEE/MEIN KAMPF

I prefer the B-side mein self.

CHERRY VANILLA - THE PUNK

Useful 45 for those going through ID crisis - tells how it is - backed up by suitable dance music. Could even be a hit.

VALVES - FOR ADOLFS ONLY (ZOOM)

Wot's this obsession with the Third Reich? You mean to say my old man wasted 6 years fighting to them out and all the time you wanted them in? Excellent single, anyway.

THE SAINTS - ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR.

"lipstick on your collar", "One way street" "Demolition girl", "River deep, mountain high". Our colonial friends beginning to sound alarmingly musical these days. Must be the English beer. My gawd, I might even encourage you to buy it.



### TOM ROBINSON BAND - 2-4-6-8 MOTORWAY

First single from the much praised TRB & well up to expectations. The song reflects ~~the~~ life on the road & is musically spotless. A bit of airplay and this should bring the band the recognition it deserves.

### MR JOHN DOWIE: ANOTHER CASE SHAVE. (VIRGIN)

SIX TUNES FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT INCLUDING 'NEW WAVE' & 'PISSTAKE OF PUNK', 'JIM CALLAGHAN' SONG IN A PAKISTANI ACCENT AND THE SUPERB 'BRITISH TOURIST' - "I'M A BRITISH TOURIST AND I'M VERY VERY RUDE. I HATE THE FOREIGNERS, HATE THEIR STINKING FOOD. THE DUTCH ARE MAD, THEIR FINGERS STUCK IN DYKES. THEY USE THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD AND RIDE AROUND ON BIKES. THEY DON'T HAVE ANY MANNERS, DON'T HAVE ANY BRAINS. THERE'S ONLY ONE RACE WORSE THAN THEM AND THAT'S THE DANCES!" THE NEW BONZOS, TREAT YOURSELF TO THIS. NEAT.

### MÉTAL URBAIN: - PANIK (COBRA-FRENCH IMPORT)

Zut alors! Frenzied Poonk Francaise.

Fookin' hell, cool it mes amies. (ps

B-side makes the Velvet's sound like the Ray Coniff singers.)

### WAYNE KRAMER - RAMBLIN' ROSE

The legendary Wayne kramer, late of the legendary MC5., brainchild of the legendary John Sinclair of the legendary White Panthers politicus, ... etc. Yup, this single is a meaty bit of hardrock for your ears. Eat it.

### REZILLOS: I CAN'T STAND MY BABY

(SENSIBLE RECORDS)

So this is wot they've been doing across the border. Pull down Hadrian's Wall and toon in to Jock-Rock.

"I can't take the tempo  
I can't stand noise  
I wanna be a baby  
I wanna torch toys  
I am uncool Oh Yeah."

### THE YACHTS - SUFFICE TO SAY

With just a hint of the old sarcasm, a natty little love song that buzzes along nicely. (S.O.S. from the Yachts straight to your hearts). Message received.

### THE EXILE: DON'T TAX ME (EP. BORING RECORDS)

So this is not what they've been doing across the border. Rebuild Hadrian's Wall.

### TALKING HEADS: - TALKING HEADS 77 (LP)

DAVID BYRNE: - SINGER, GUITAR, WRITER.

JERRY HARRISON: - GUITAR, KEYBOARDS (EX-

JONATHON RICHMAN)

MARTINA WEYMOUTH: - BASS.

CHRIS FRANTZ: - DRUMS.

This L.P. is the most honest I've heard this year. Honest because there is no compromise lyrically or musically to bend to what is fashionable; and by doing this the Talking Heads have created a unique sound. And honest because David Byrne sings and writes with such sincerity that he does not fall into the trap of acting a role as so many others do today, old and new.

His songs are all personal and mainly about himself and basically his lack of confidence and the people who have helped him overcome this lack of confidence. Typically this album is a downer: a look into a man who is unsure of himself and an introvert. Listen to the words of "New Feelings" and you will understand. Among the 11 tracks you also get a few love songs which are so catchy that you can't help but like them. In fact, everything on this L.P. is catchy.

Musically this L.P. is a killer. No instrument is over-used; simple drums, bass, guitar and organ, occasional brass and absolutely no solos. All you get are great memorable songs, a tight band and an excellent L.P.

Buy it: you'll not miss the cover, it's plain luminous red with luminous green lettering which seems to suggest a lack of confidence in the contents by the designer. Who designed it? David Byrne.

TERRY DONALDSON.

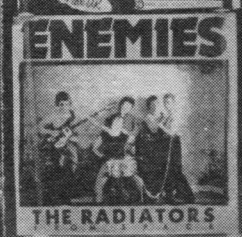
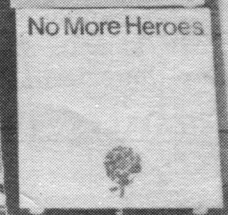
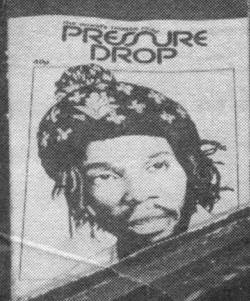




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